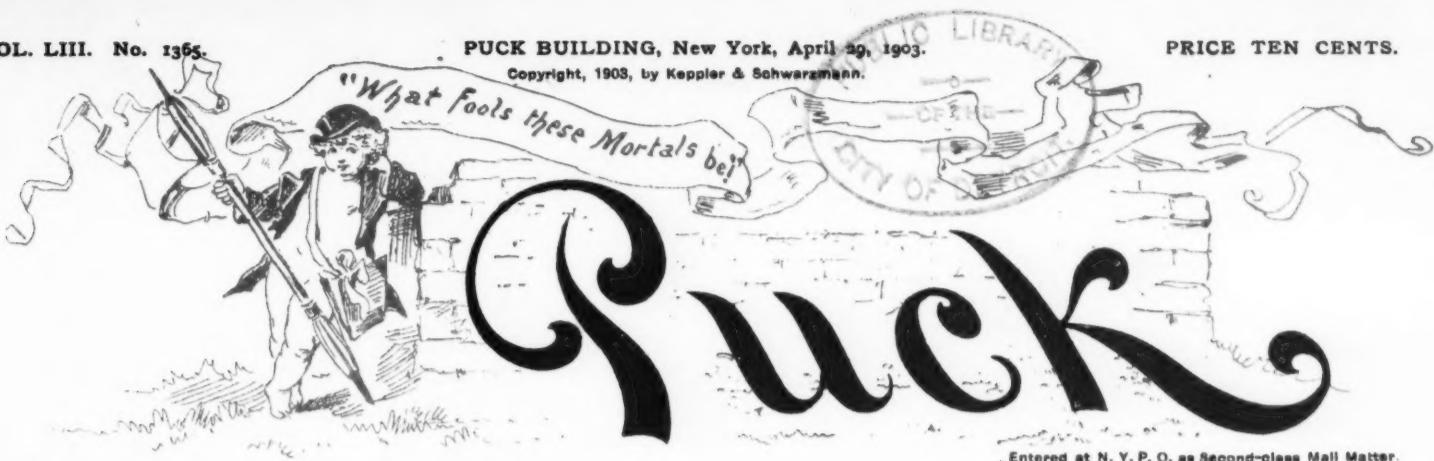


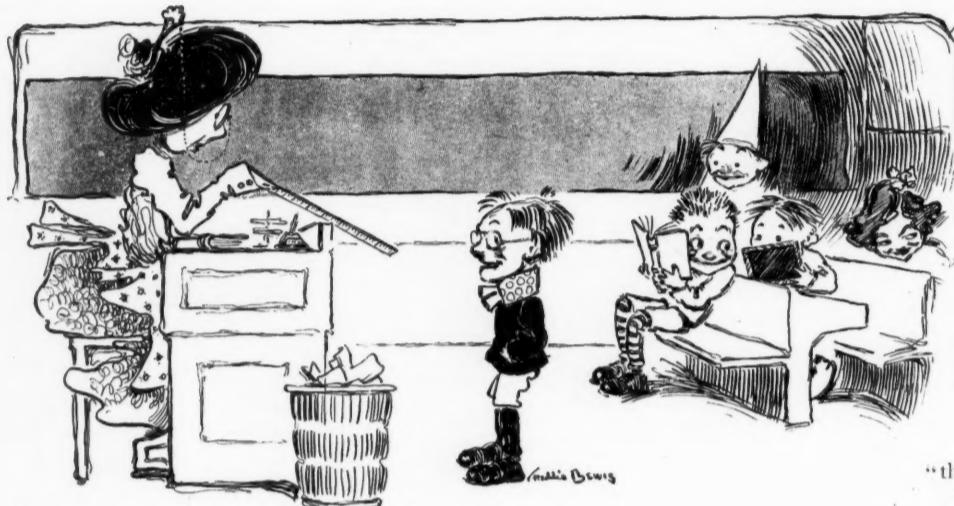
VOL. LIII. No. 1365.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 29, 1903.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



WELL GUARDED.



THE DIFFERENCE.

TEACHER.—What is the difference between a monarchy and a republic?
PUPIL.—Oh! The people think they *run* a republic.

THE SPRING KEEPER.



O EASY lib det big bullfrog
Down in de cool ol' spring;
All day he bask out on de lawg
En nebbah do one t'ing;
Excep' to rise
En blink his eyes—
En snap sum po' gnat's wing.

Ah watch him when de sun
am new,
En den ag'in at noon;
Ah watch him when de day
am fro
En heah him stahh his tune:
"Glunk-glunk! Glunk-glunk!"
On det daid trunk—
He sahanade de moon.

De good Lawd made det green bullfrog
En de good Lawd he made me;
But he can bask out on de lawg
While Ah mus' fell dis tree.
Ef Ah mus' wohk
En he kin shirk—
Ah *cyan't* be good es he!

Sumtimes Ah wish det I was dess
De keepah ob de spring,
En wohe a great big milky ves'
En nebbah did a t'ing;
O Misteh Frog
Out on de lawg—
Yo' 's libbin lak a king!

Victor A. Hermann.



SUSPECTED FRAUD.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Why, those are genuine antiques!
MR. NEWROCKS.—Are they? They look to me like second-hand stuff.

HANDICAPPED.

It was extremely difficult for the arbiters to come to a decision. As one of them said, "Whether we decide in favor of one party or the other the public will have to pay."

This was the snag. For not one of the members of the Board, though they were all honest men, could so imbue himself with disinterestedness as to crowd out the realization of the fact that he was a part of the public.

A SCHEME.

"I understand it to be a fact," said the Prohibitionist, "that a great majority of bartenders do not drink."

"Is that so?" said the other party. "I wonder if it would promote the cause of temperance if every man were to become a bartender?"

OK, as the cooks have it, a suburb by any other name is just as far out.

PUCK



FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

"So you think Justice should be represented with a rod and reel?"
"Yes, of course! The big fish most always get away."

JUSTIFICATION.

The Camel regarded the Rich Man intently.
"If I had dyspepsia as bad as he," observed the beast, with a sage look, "I'm half-inclined to believe I could get through the eye of a needle."

And who shall say that the pains of the body do not go to justify the sins of the soul?



ONLY A CHILD.

MISS HIPPO.—There's my little sister at the landing. Would you mind, Mr. Monkey, taking her with us? She's so fond of the water, and she can sit on my knee, you know.

It is folly to rush in where angels fear to tread until it begins to pay dividends. It is enterprise after that.

SAVING.

Stimson was resolved to save for a home. Stimson earned \$11 a week. Saving \$8 a week he would, at the end of seventy-eight years and some odd months, own a house and lot worth \$650.

Of course, the Stimsons had to live frugally. They cut out all luxuries, among other things pickles, which was not very hard because Stimson worked in a pickle factory and knew how the dainty things were made.

But there were others. Indeed, saving for a home was become quite the rage.

One day Stimson's foreman told him he need not come to work any more.

"The pickle business has gone bump," said the foreman. "Nobody seems to be eating pickles."

Stimson did n't try to figure it out. He just simply stopped in on his way home and bought a quart of oysters, and they all had a square meal for once.



LIKE OTHER THINGS.

"But I thought salvation was free."
"Well, sir, it's free to some, because others are kind enough to pay for it."

PAINFULLY REMINDED.

"Whenever I hear 'The Old Oaken Bucket' a feeling of sadness comes over me."

"Makes you think of your boyhood home, does it?"

"No. It makes me think of the bucket shops in which I dropped my money."

PUCK

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE "WHOOPERS."

"HERE 's a man livin' about three miles out on the Pogwash road that 's worth lookin' up, if you are interested in such things," said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., who was genially endeavoring to entertain a recently arrived traveler. "Name 's Kinsabby, and he 's literally infested with whoopers."

"Whoopers?" repeated the guest, in surprise.
"Sure! He is troubled with hallucinations which he calls 'whoopers.' Says they are of all shapes and colors, and range in size from ants to elephants. Claims he can behold 'em comin' for forty miles away. Sees 'em ridin' his horses while he 's plowin'; chases lively ones across the field, choppin' at 'em with the hoe at every jump; clubs the bed before he lies down, to beat the whoopers out of it; goes to feed his team, and has to whack an ear of corn against a post to jar the little whoopers off; kicks over the dinner table occasionally—he 's a bachelor, you understand, and all such as that is perfectly safe for him—to scare off the whoopers that have beat him to it. He 's so used to 'em that he ain't afraid of 'em; but he don't 'pear to be exactly reconciled to their company, and considerable of the time the atmosphere around there is pretty well filled with axes and clubs and such like, that he 's throwin' at the whoopers."

"Why, the man is a maniac, beyond all doubt!" ejaculated the guest.

"Well, I d' know. He says not; and he ort to be posted, if anybody is. I used to think there was something kinder peculiar the matter with him, but I 'm somewhat undecided since my last interview with him. Tell you how it was: I was drivin' past his place and sorter stopped when I heard him makin' considerable oration over back of the barn. I ties my team and into the yard I goes; and, all of a sudden, behold you, it began to rain hatchets! Like to have decapitated my left ear; and when I got around behind the barn there was Kinsabby, a-rollin' on the ground and howlin' with laughter.

"'Looky here!' says I. 'You like to have cut off my ear!'

"'That 's all—haw! haw!—right!' he cackled. 'There was the biggest whooper you ever saw in your life on the roof of the barn, clawin' off the shingles and flingin' 'em up in the air. I let him have the hatchet, and — haw! haw!—knocked him plumb into the middle of next week!'

"'You 're crazy!' says I. 'Crazier than a bed-quilt!'

"'Bet you two dollars and a half I ain't!' says he.

"'Take you up!' says I. 'Now, this here thing of seein' whoopers—'

"'That 's just the point!' says he. 'Here, now; I 'll show you: I 've got whoopers, and know it; so I 'm all right. It's the folks that have whoopers and ain't aware of the fact that need treatment. A crazy person always thinks he is sane and everybody else is crazy; but I am perfectly aware of my whoopers, therefore there



IN SWELLDOM.

LITTLE BROTHER.—Are you going to invite Mama to the party?

LITTLE SISTER.—Oh, yes, indeed! I 've heard so much about her, I 'm just dying to meet her.

is nothing the matter with me. Ever acquainted with anybody but me that could see his own whoopers? No, of course not; but 'most everybody has got 'em, just the same. Who can recognize his own faults and failin's? Very few; yet you 'll acknowledge that most people have 'em, and, as a rule, very plentifully, too. You know how keen people are to spy the mote in the other feller's eye while bein' totally unable to detect the beams in their own eyes. Tell you what 's a fact: there 's scarcely a person anywhere that hasn't got a whooper of some kind—call 'em hobbies, fads, eccentricities or plain d a m n - foolishness, as you like. They 've all got 'em!"

"Well," says I, sorter sour; 'here 's one that ain't!"

"That 's one of 'em!" says he, triumphantly. 'You think other people have 'em and you have n't—that 's your whooper; good big one, too! Oh! Everybody 's got 'em. Ever notice, for instance, how many people there are who think they are much too smart to work, when they ain't near smart enough to live without



CRITICISM.

"You see, they give very little space to the golf tournament."

"Yes; so I notice. It's strange how they will let politics and criminal news crowd out matters that are really interesting!"



PARSON JOHNSON.—Ah wish de mudders ob dis congregation would bring deyr babies to church wif dem. Nevah mind how young dey am, jess bring 'em erlong. If dey am too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey can, at least, yell an' keep de deacons awake!

work? That notion is one of the most prevalent of all whoopers. Thousands of men have starved in the professions b'cuz their whoopers persuaded them that they were too talented to remain between the plow-handles. When you flatter yourself that you can beat the other feller at his own game, that's a whooper. The belief that flyin'-machines will fly, that you are a logical candidate for something, that your oil-well stock will flow milk and honey, that some day a beautiful adventuress will come along and lure you a little, that other people are especially interested in your aches—them's just whoopers. Many a person thinks he's got a call to go missionarying, or has oratorical ability of no mean order, or that he is a pretty good judge of

human nature, or that he is entertaining and the other feller is a bore, or that he understands widow-women, when all in the world he's got is a whooper. More than one man has thought he was marryin' his ideal when he was merely hitchin' himself for life to a whooper; and any old codger with a little money who thinks a young girl marries him b'cuz he is so well-preserved has a whooper. When you pay up your subscription and the editor calls you prominent and influential, that's a whooper—if you believe it. You think that when you are gone it will be hard to fill your place— whooper! Every one of us thinks that if he was elected

President he'd bring things to taw in short order—just a whooper! Think you can beat whiskey in the long run?—whooper! Work yourself sick to get some other feller elected to office— whooper! whooper! The relatives of a great man generally have the whooper that greatness runs in the breed. It's whoopers, whoopers, everywhere; and everybody thinks everybody else has got 'em and he has n't. And so it goes; and so it goes!

“But you see where I've got the best of it. I recognize my own whoopers and keep 'em in proper subjection; but other people's whoopers boss them and they don't know it. And, by the way, one of the most prevalent whoopers in this neighborhood, I've noticed, is the widespread belief that b'cuz I've got whoopers I can be skinned in a horse-trade: which is the cause of my havin' about the best lot of horses, and the most of 'em, of anybody around here. Oh! You need n't deny it; you was lookin' for a snap, yourself, when you came here! But about this whooper business; now that I have convinced you—”

“Convinced me?” says I, feelin' pretty thoroughly talked down, walked over and dragged out. “Hoh! You have n't near convinced me! I—”

“Oh, well,” says he, “call it that I've half-convinced you, then. The bet was two dollars and fifty cents—gimme a dollar and a quarter and I'll call it square!”

“Also, I done it; there did n't seem to be anything else to do. And then I came away; and I have n't been able to cipher it out yet whether he is crazier than a loon or smarter than common folks. But, blamed if it don't look like he's one or the other, good and plenty!”



DRIVEN TO IT.

“And is the clown naturally of a
hilarious disposition?”
“Oh, not at all! But he has a
family to support.”



UNCERTAIN.

“Gee! It's de boss!”
“Is it? Well, dat's de wust of dem
telephones—yer can't allus tell who
yer sassin'.”

All the world loves a lover, but there might be trouble if he attempted to reciprocate.

Tom P. Morgan.

PUCK



IN THE PADDOCK.

PROSPECTIVE BETTOR.—Is he a good "mud-horse?"

JOCKEY.—Is he! Why, say! If that horse was human, he'd play golf in March.

PUCK



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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, April 29, 1903.—No. 1365.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE EDUCATED COLORED MAN. GROVER CLEVELAND's view of the negro question has been generally praised in the South. In the North, too, it was favorably received, though with less demonstration. Commenters on it, however, have overlooked an important point. While agreeing with the ex-President that education is the only real solution of the race problem, they forget what education has already failed to accomplish. It was never contended, for instance, that Dr. Crum was an ignoramus. On the contrary, it was shown that he possessed, among other things, a fair share of the classified knowledge which men call learning. In other words, he was educated. Did the South receive him as an individual example of the race problem solved? It did not. It opposed him, not on educational grounds, but because he was black. What he knew or did not know had nothing to do with it. Neither was education a factor, if we rightly remember, in the post-office case at Indianola. The South was not stirred up in controversy because the woman concerned was unable to read addresses, to analyze a complex sentence or paraphrase an epic poem. She was a negress; therefore, it rejected her. No one knew or cared whether her training extended to least squares or stopped abruptly at greatest common divisor. Unquestionably, the negro, like the white man, should be educated. Without education, we may be sure, no solution of the race problem is possible; but it is not reassuring to the black man's instructors, when negroes, already educated to the average white level, are turned down just as hard as would be the most stupid, the most illiterate or the most vicious darkey.

CONCERNING MERGERS. ONE of the arguments advanced in Wall Street against the Northern Securities decision is worthy of the most careful preservation. It is a precious piece of reasoning, the gist of it being as follows: the law on which the decision was based having been on the statute books for years, during which time many mergers were effected, it should not now be enforced against the Northern Securities Company, which is no more of an offender than its various predecessors. Or, in plainer language, to substitute official activity and honesty for official laxity and negligence is in poor taste, to say the least, not to mention the extreme probability that it is also a breach of faith. This argument, in our estimation, is a model of wily persuasiveness. It is like saying to the New York reformers: "You are wrong in opposing police blackmail. It is no more illegal to-day than it was two years ago under Tammany and there were no prosecutions then. Stop it." The possibilities, in fact, of this ingenious idea are practically endless. If it should be applied impartially, and every law should lapse which has ever been disregarded, a community would be ours which anarchistic gentlemen would fairly revel in. Wall Street, we are sure, would scarcely approve of that.

ELOQUENCE AND FACTS. WHILE, throughout the country, well-meaning patriots were eulogizing Jefferson and referring more or less impressively to Liberty and the Declaration of Independence, sundry workmen were housed and guarded in the Brooklyn Navy Yard because both Liberty and Independence lacked status outside. Details are superfluous. It was the old story of Labor versus Labor; non-union men in the

Yard, union men, plus their walking delegate, without. Beyond the gate, for the non-unionists, lay "the land of the free," to venture into which would have been a deliberate bid for broken heads and bones; so, as a measure of safety, the government opened a lodging house—an anchored steamboat, with armed marines at the gangway. There the men will live till the government work is over. After that, they will leave the Navy Yard and become, as formerly, the logical prey of thugs and ruffians. It is all very well to rise at a banquet and, in orotund tones, speak feelingly of Jefferson and a certain old-fashioned declaration, but away from the rose-banked board, it is advisable to drop eloquence and take up facts. Reference to Liberty and Independence, our heartfelt thanks for their presence and such talk does not harmonize readily with the case of the men in the Navy Yard. It serves merely to emphasize the emptiness of words. We judge it to be impracticable for the United States authorities to protect every man who wants to work, by the method used in Brooklyn. There are not enough navy yards, in the first place; and, in the second place, the expense would be considerable; but to house non-unionists on government property and put a guard around them, is nevertheless about the only way in which their constitutional rights can be secured. The thrifty foreigner, who comes here to labor and to live, has three courses open to him. The United States, which represents the Liberty he has sought, can offer him farm land in the Far West. That is all. It is the alpha and the omega of "Liberty," so far as the United States is concerned. For work at other trades he must apply exclusively to labor unions; which may admit him or reject him, as they choose, and rejecting, may mob him if he tries to work independently. The third course open to him is a return trip to Europe. These facts are by no means new. They are not cited because of any novelty contained. They are reiterated simply to compare; to parallel "Independence" and "Liberty," as described by after-dinner orators, with the workings of "the blessed heritage" in actual, unvarnished practice. "That land is blessed," wrote the Coal Strike Commission, "where maxims of Liberty are commonplace." And this is a quieting assurance. Nowhere are maxims of Liberty more commonplace than here. Indeed, they are *almost* as commonplace as denials of it.

NOT INTENTIONAL.

"Is it possible," said the first magnate, "that our combination is illegal?"

"Well, it seems so," said the second magnate; "but I'm quite sure that the Congressmen who passed the law did n't mean it. I have letters of apology from at least a dozen of them."

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

FARMER BORNGEZER.—I kinder believe William Jennings Bryan is figgerin' on runnin' ag'in.

FARMER BENTOVER.—Huh! I sh'd think he already had a large enough collection of empty honors to satisfy 'most anybody.

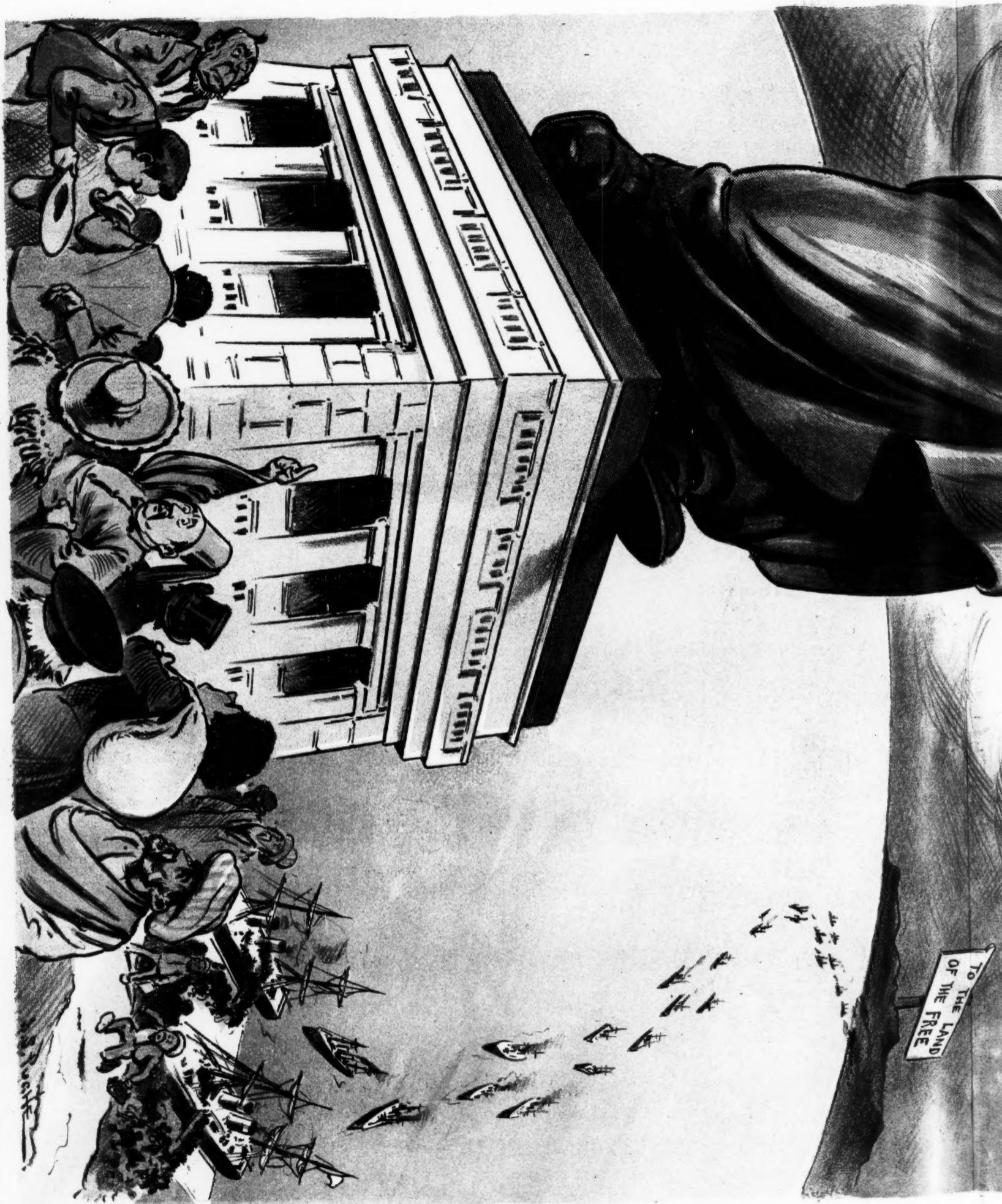


A BRISK DEMAND.

You do quite a trade in soda, don't you?"

"Great! Could hardly sell any more if it were against the law."

LIBERTY?





PUCK

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THE SUBURBANITE IN UTOPIA.

OME PEOPLE think that the only way to go to Utopia is in a dream and they point out, in confirmation of their theory, the fact that, up to date, that is the only way anybody has ever succeeded in getting there. Be that as it may, that is the way the suburbanite went. He fell asleep thinking what a charming place his country home would be if it were all the real estate man's fancy had painted it just before he made the sale. In five minutes he was in Utopia, snoring vigorously; for if people go to Utopia in dreams they must be expected to snore there, although their snores may not disturb anybody except those who don't go.

It was Summer and everything was in bloom. He saw a man working a lawn-mower.

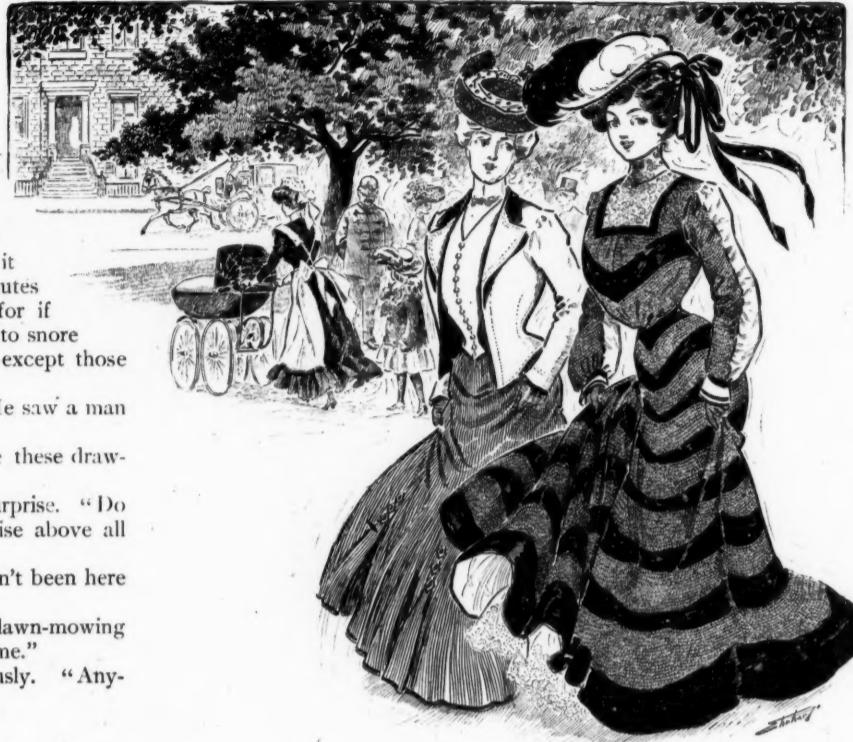
"Pity," observed the suburbanite, "that we have these drawbacks."

"Drawbacks?" said the man, looking at him in surprise. "Do you allude to the lawn-mower? We like the exercise above all things!"

"Then," said the suburbanite, "I judge you have n't been here long."

"Why, yes; I have been here two years and I like lawn-mowing more and more. It is becoming quite a passion with me."

"Really?" said the suburbanite, rather incredulously. "Any-



NOT SO MUCH.

"She says her face is her fortune."

"Really! Well, she could swear off all taxes on it with a perfectly clear conscience."



DESCRIPTION.

DETECTIVE.—But you don't seem able to describe the bunco man.

UNCLE JOSH.—What? Ain't I tellin' yer he was the slickest article I ever seen?

how, you have a charming residence here. May I ask what such a piece of property is worth?"

"Worth? Why, I would n't sell it at any price!"

"Indeed? But what could a similar place be bought for?"

"Why, nobody here would consider selling at any price."

"Indeed? How is it in Winter? Cold, I imagine."

"Well, the thermometer goes down, but not to an extent that inconveniences anybody. We like just the quantity of cold weather we get. We have some snow whenever we feel in the humor for snow-shoveling—never at any other time."

"How remarkable! I take it you are not troubled with malaria? Or, perhaps, you enjoy malaria; or may be you take quinine three times a day, not because you need it, but because you like it?"

It has been beautifully said that Providence leaves some women childless in order that there may be here and there one who knows just how to bring up children.



MORE SUITABLE.

MISS OWL.—Do you wear pajamas or a nightgown?

MISS BAT.—Pajamas, of course! You know very well we bats always sleep head downwards.

UNIONS.



ONCE ON a time a man was waited on by a committee and ordered to quit work.

"But why?" asked the man.

"Because you do not belong to a labor union," replied the committee, courteously.

"Oh! Very well," said the man and quit, for he was not at all an unreasonable fellow.

The next day the man was waited on by another committee and ordered to go to work.

"But why?" asked the man.

"Because you do not belong to the union of the unemployed," replied the committee, frankly.

"Oh! Very well," said the man; yet all the while he was wondering what he should do.

EXPERIENCED.

FIRST TROUT.—These fishermen don't seem to be able to catch you with their bait.

SECOND TROUT.—No, indeed! I'm old enough to read between the lines.

IN THE MILLENNIUM.

FIRST CITIZEN.—And yet, there is something which I miss;—something to which I used to look forward with fond expectation.

SECOND CITIZEN.—And what is that?

FIRST CITIZEN.—The annual purification of Coney Island.

A PESSIONISTIC VIEW.

"I suppose there will never be an end to grabs until everything is grabbed."

"Oh! Not even then; because the people who have n't grabbed anything will be trying to grab what has already been grabbed."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

"Do they employ union waiters here?"

"I think not. I saw one of them bringing an order in a hurry."

THEIR SAD PLIGHT.

"Now there is talk of another strike in sympathy with the sympathetic strikers."

"Indeed! Are they entitled to sympathy?"

"Well, it's considered hard luck that they have no grievances of their own."

A HAZARD.

The golfer's occupation
No narrow sphere can fix;
For when this life is over
He still will have the Styx.

CONSIDERING President Roosevelt's contempt for weaklings it is singular that he should have any respect for an infant industry that can not stand alone after several generations of protection.



A RACE TRACK ASSURANCE.

"And you say it's the chance of a lifetime?"
"Sure! We have 'em every day!"



PLACING THE BLAME.

CALLER.—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?

TOMMY.—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' Pa some time ago 'at if Pa did n't pay his old bill he'd make trouble fur him.—*Philadelphia Press*.

MISS FLYRT.—Oh, yes; I've had nine proposals since I saw you last!

MISS NEWITT.—Indeed? And did you finally reward his perseverance by accepting him?—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"DAR is two kin's o' friends," said Uncle Eben; "dem dat wants to do you favors and dem dat expects you to do favors foh dem. I kin tell you in one guess which kin' you has the mos' of."—*Washington Star*.

FIRST TRAMP.—Wot are yer so happy about?

SECOND TRAMP.—I called at a widder's house fer something to eat and the woman 'most killed me with a club.

"Don't see nothin' in that ter smile over."

"I wos jus' thinkin' wot an escape I had. She might a-took a fancy to me and married me."—*New York Weekly*.

No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

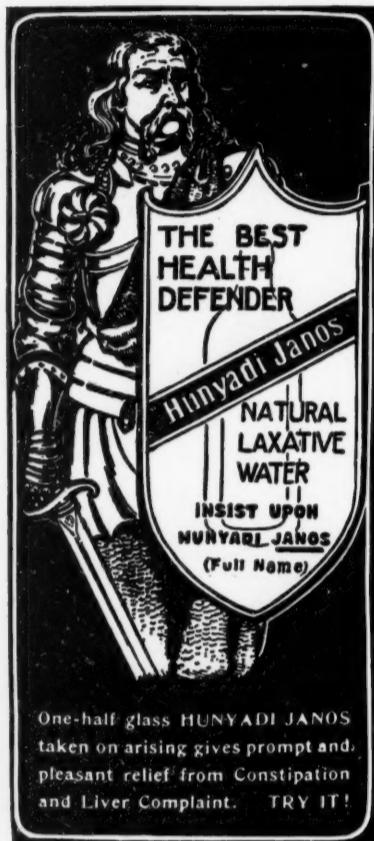
Egyptian
Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New
York.



One-half glass HUNYADI JANOS
taken on arising gives prompt and
pleasant relief from Constipation
and Liver Complaint. TRY IT!



"Mother, where are the little red spots you had
on your face?"
"Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume
Soap have taken them all away."

SULPHUME, a chemical solution of Pure Sulphur, when taken internally and applied as a lotion will cure dandruff or any skin disease. Price \$1.

SULPHUME SOAP stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed soap, 25c. a cake; Unperfumed, 15c. a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

SULPHUME SHAVING SOAP is the perfection of soaps for shaving. It is a perfect antiseptic, prevents rash breaking out, cures and prevents all contagious skin diseases, gives a creamy lather and is soothing to the skin.

SULPHUME BOOK on care of the skin free. Be sure this signature *M. A. Diaz* is on each package of Sulphume Preparations, otherwise it is not genuine.

SULPHUME CHEMICAL CO., Suite 107, 337 Broadway, New York. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words?"

"Well, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life were saved by a big word. He done tolle me dat I prevaricated an' by de time I foun' out what dat word meant it were too late foh me to let on how mad I was."—*Washington Star*.

IT TOOK TIME.

MISS DE STYLE.—By the way, Count, it is very awkward, but I do not know your name."

RUSSIAN COUNT.—Would you like to hear it?

"Most certainly!"

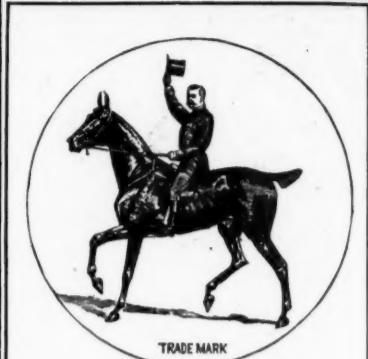
"Den, if you haf ten minutes to spare, sit town and I vill tell it to you."—*New York Weekly*.

"NEVER min' 'bout ice nex' Summer," said Br'er Williams. "Hit's de scarcity er ice hereafter what orter give you de mos' consarn!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MISS PEPPREY.—She's quite superstitious. She thinks it unlucky to come out of a house by any other door than the one she entered.

MISS NURITCH.—Papa's the same way. He always believes going back the way he came.

MISS PEPPREY.—Indeed? Then when he went to Europe last year he really went in the steerage, eh?—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



"It Suits Me"

are the three words that follow
the first quaff of

Hunter Whiskey

Its perfection of quality is what struck the taste, appreciation and approbation of the American people.

**First Called
and
First Recalled**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



HIS RESIDENCE.

"Where's Percy living now?"

"Oh! He's married now."

"Well, what's his father-in-law's address?"

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

Purity is not often found in the preparation of Champagnes. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is an exception.

FRIEND.—I don't see how, on your income, you manage to winter in Florida and summer in Maine.

SHARPP.—You forget that by that plan I dodge both coal and ice bills.—*New York Weekly*.



Master thinks I'm a dandy at mixing cocktails."

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve
SEVEN KINDS
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

"YOUNG MAN," said the solemn-looking stranger, "do you drink intoxicating beverages?"

"Not with strangers," said the young man, as he moved away.

Thus it will be seen that our best intentions sometimes strike a logical snag.
—Baltimore News.



NO RESTRAINT.

"Oh! It's Mott Street you want to go to!"
"Yes. You let me out?"
"Sure! Nobody wants to keep you in!"

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's the Original Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

THE REASON.

Quoth he: "Your lips look red tonight!"

Said she: "Well, yes, perhaps; But, Papa darling, that's all right— It's only from the chaps!"

—Princeton Tiger.

WHEN a woman says she is fond of housework she does n't mean dish-washing; she means making cake and fudge.—Atchison Globe.

Londonderry LITHIA WATER

Is an emblem of purity manifested by its sparkling crystalline transparency. LONDONDERRY is enjoyed by both men and women, and because of its healthful action is as popular with one as with the other. Adopt Londonderry as your Home Table Water.

WHEN a baby goes to bed at 5 his parents feel proud, but when it wakes at 5 next morning the props of their pride weaken.—Atchison Globe.

"YES," she said, "any new recipe I get hold of I paste in my cook-book. Why?"

"I thought you might like to have the bill for your Paris gown I paid today. That's a good receipt for French dressing, you know," said her husband, chuckling idiotically.—Philadelphia Press.

"DRINK ONLY THE PUREST"

Fine Old Ky. Taylor Whiskey.

Our cased whiskies go all over the world, wherever best goods are demanded.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR, DISTILLERS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

DREAMING.

The head of the firm was asleep in his office chair.

Suddenly he stirred uneasily.

"Robber! Robber!" he hoarsely cried.

He was awake when they reached him.

"G-Guess I was dreamin' I was at a ball game," he stutteringly explained.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It may be easier to write a guide-book to heaven than it is to go there.
—Ram's Horn.

DEVICE.

"She's interested in things."

"Is she so unattractive?"—Detroit Free Press.

"The car in which we travel is called a Pullman, Baron."

"Ach, so! Und de ladies traffle in a Pullwoman, yes?"—Princeton Tiger.



FOR OTHERS ONLY.

"No man is indispensable,"

We often say; but then
We can't see why this should apply
To us like other men.

—Philadelphia Press.

"HAVE you anything laid up for a rainy day?"

"Indeed, I have!" answered the new congressman. "I have a trunk-full of undelivered speeches to fall back on in case I ever want to filibuster."—Washington Star.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents, from all stationers, or wholesale of

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A. C. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
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NIAGARA FALLS 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Through all the 117 years of its existence the methods pursued in the brewing of

Evans' Ale

have progressed along the lines of brewing advancement and to-day it exemplifies Ale-brewing as a finished science.

The sequel is at your dealer's.

MEN who will carve their own fortunes must expect to cut their own fingers.—*Ram's Horn*.



THE BEST SCOTCH GAME AND THE BEST SCOTCH WHISKY

Every thoroughbred golfer unites the two by playing the last hole of the match for a wee nippie of : : : :

Dewar's Scotch

the Whisky which has been awarded 53 gold and prize medals, and is supplied by Royal Warrant to His Majesty King Edward VII. : : : :

A GOLF PRINT

entitled "The Last Hole for Dewar's" (copyright, 1903, by Frederick Glassup), being an exact reproduction of the original design by James Preston, shown herewith, will be mailed to anyone on receipt of ten cents in postage. The print is of heavy paper, 9 x 12 inches, in a decorative frame, and is suitable for framing in club house or home. This is the first of a series of 12 original prints, suggesting Dewar's Scotch for all occasions. In May we will show a coaching scene by Edward Penfield. For copies of this print address

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22 GOLD MEDALS

LONDON	1862	LONDON	1886
PHILADELPHIA	1876	BUFFALO	1901
VIENNA	1873	PARIS	1867
CHICAGO	1893		1878

1824
A. D.



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**By Royal Warrant, Purveyors
to His Majesty, the German
Emperor and King of Prussia.**

Dr. Hess, the Approved Royal Prussian Apothecary, Examining Chemist, and Scientific Expert, writes: "Dr. Siegert's Bitters one of the purest and most hygienic liqueurs extant, as it can be used by invalids and those in good health, by adults and by children, with equal advantage." Beware of imitations. The genuine is made only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Trinidad, B. W. I.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agt., New York, N. Y.

Handsome booklet containing popular mixed drink recipes mailed free on request.

At a social gathering of the young people in the church the preacher always gets off some joke about future marriage fees."—*Atchison Globe*.

"Does he interest himself in books?"

"No," sniffed Mrs. Newrich; "my husband has clerks to do that for him!"

—*Detroit Free Press*.



AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

CHOLLY.—No; the opera does n't pay, doncherknow. It has to be supported.

* MRS. NEWROCKS.—Yes; that's what my husband told me. He says it's like a lot of the folks that go to it.

Pears'

the soap which began its sale in the 18th century, sold all through the 19th and is selling in the 20th.

Sold all over the world

A WIFELY CAUTION.

"Yes, my dear; I'm going downtown to get the election returns."

"Well, there's one return you must n't forget."

"What's that?"

"The return home." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Bunner's Short Stories.

....ILLUSTRATED....

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the candle Burns.

MORE SHORT SIXES. A Continuation of the above.

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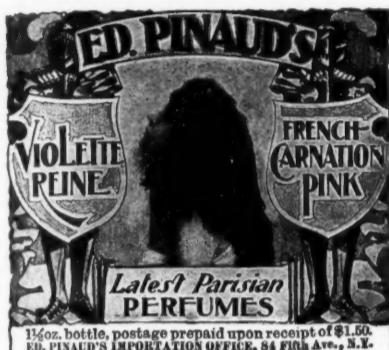
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Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us.
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REMUNERATIVE.

HIS FRIEND.—I reckon it am good policy ter be perlite to customahs.
THE WAITER.—Yo' bet! It am de bes' kind ob policy what I ebbah
played!

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

COINCIDENCE.

"What are you reading, Charley, dear?" asked young Mrs. Torkins.

"Why—er—I was looking up the racing news so as to see how a new
betting system would work. What were you reading?"

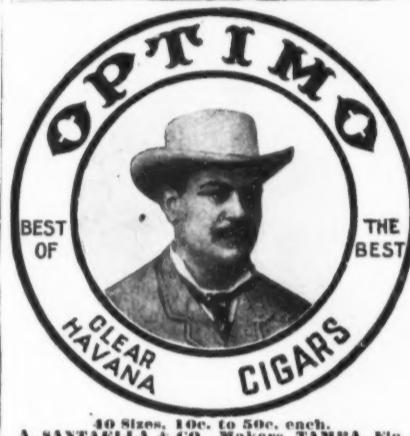
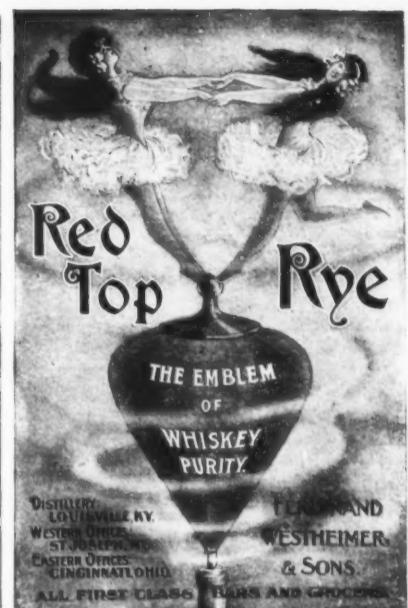
"An article on how to live comfortably on a small income."—*Washington Star*.

MERELY LOOKING.

MRS. BLACK.—Dey ain't nuffin' suits mah husban' mo' dan a charnce ter
go out an' look fo' a job.

MRS. JOHNSING.—Go 'long!

MRS. BLACK.—Fac'! Kase when he 's out lookin' fo' a job he doan' hev
ter help me wif de washin'.—*Philadelphia Press*.



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Puck's Originals FOR SALE

In response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

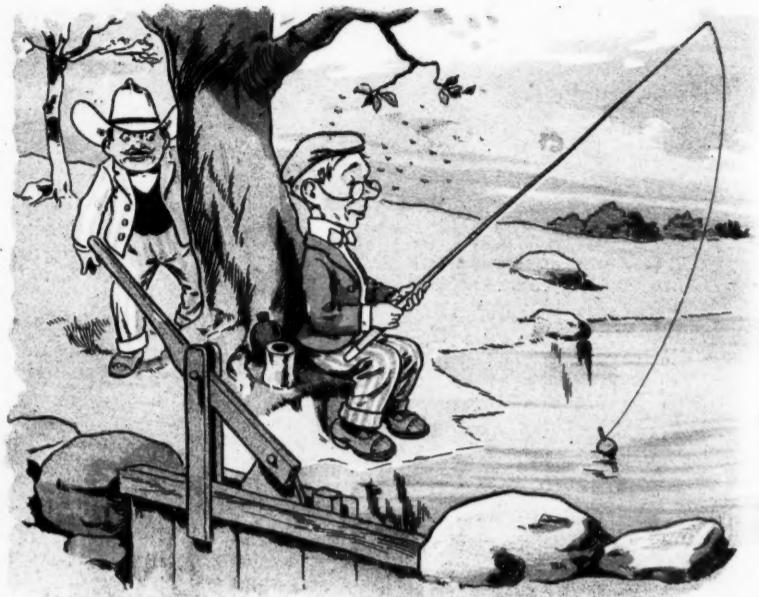
This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.



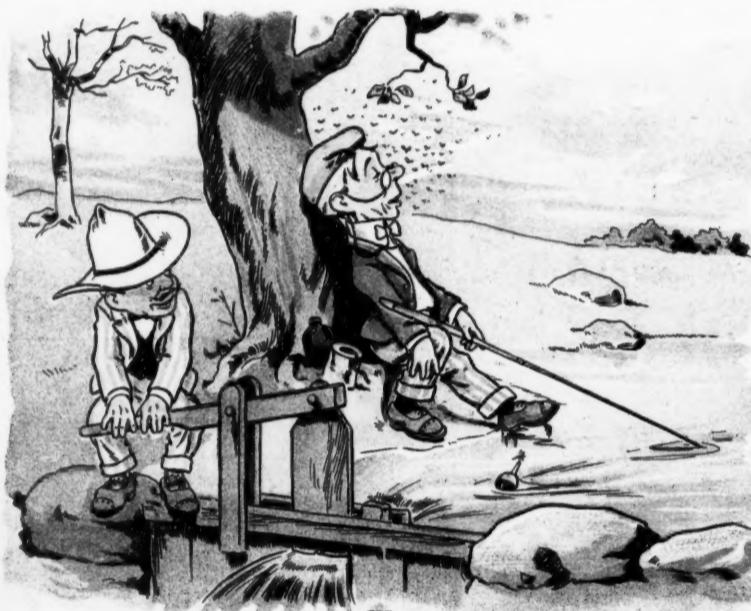
PUCK



I.
CLARENCE.—Fish? Why, I can catch anything!
I'll go down to the pond and bring back a fine mess.



II.
CLARENCE.—Not even a bite yet. My! But I'm getting sleepy!



III.
MAURICE.—Aha! He's asleep at last. Now to humble him before the girls.



IV.
MAURICE.—Good! The sluice has done its work and the pond is dry. Now to business!



V.
MAURICE.—Sleep, my pretty one! Soon the girls will be here to admire your catch.



VI.
MAURICE.—See, ladies, what Clarence has caught. As he said, himself, he can catch anything. He doesn't even need water.

A BIG CATCH.